

Also, a bill (H. R. 9730) granting a pension to Lena McLain; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. NEELY: A bill (H. R. 9731) granting an increase of pension to John Right; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

Also, a bill (H. R. 9732) granting an increase of pension to Stinnett Bee; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

Also, a bill (H. R. 9733) granting an increase of pension to Charles W. Roper; to the Committee on Pensions.

Also, a bill (H. R. 9734) granting a pension to Ella V. Altmeier; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

Also, a bill (H. R. 9735) granting a pension to Bertha Margaret Watkins, Helen L. Watkins, James O. Watkins, and Dortha G. Watkins; to the Committee on Pensions.

Also, a bill (H. R. 9736) granting six months' pay to Fanny Appleby, mother of Robert W. Appleby, deceased, who served in Headquarters Company, Eighth Infantry, Ohio National Guard, border defense; to the Committee on Military Affairs.

By Mr. POLK: A bill (H. R. 9737) granting an increase of pension to John W. Lewis; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. SCOTT of Pennsylvania: A bill (H. R. 9738) granting a pension to Dallas Mills; to the Committee on Pensions.

By Mr. SMITH of Idaho: A bill (H. R. 9739) granting a pension to Thomas A. Starrh; to the Committee on Pensions.

Also, a bill (H. R. 9740) granting a pension to Nels Christensen; to the Committee on Pensions.

By Mr. SMITH of Michigan: A bill (H. R. 9741) granting a pension to Isaac Holley, alias Isaac Holey; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

Also, a bill (H. R. 9742) granting a pension to Eva M. Bevier; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. STEPHENS of Nebraska: A bill (H. R. 9743) granting an increase of pension to Thomas E. Langdon; to the Committee on Pensions.

By Mr. STEVENSON: A bill (H. R. 9744) granting an increase of pension to Henry Langly; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. WELTY: A bill (H. R. 9745) granting an increase of pension to Eli Abbott; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. WHITE of Ohio: A bill (H. R. 9746) granting a pension to Maria Wilson; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

PETITIONS, ETC.

Under clause 1 of Rule XXII, petitions and papers were laid on the Clerk's desk and referred as follows:

By the SPEAKER (by request): Memorial of the Civil Liberties Bureau, asking for a congressional investigation of wartime violations of constitutional right, mob violence, censorship, and the efforts to use the war to crush labor; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Also (by request), resolution of the Corning (N. Y.) Clionian Circle, against the zone system for postage on periodicals; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Also (by request), resolutions from the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church, Cloquet, Minn.; Current Events Club, Madison, Ind.; Penelopian Club, Cadillac, Mich.; and the Business Men's League, Hot Springs, Ark., asking for the repeal of the periodical amendment to the war-revenue act; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Also (by request), resolution of the Cleveland Tractor Co., objecting to the increased rates of postage on periodicals; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. CAREW: Resolution of the Woman's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church, Fort Morgan, Colo., asking for the repeal of the second-class postage provisions of the war-revenue act; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. CARY: Petition of the Cleveland Tractor Co., and resolutions of Romeo Monday Club, Romeo, Mich.; Business Men's League, Hot Springs, Ark.; Current Events Club, Madison, Ind.; the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church, Cloquet, Minn.; Corning (N. Y.) Clionian Circle; and the Maryville (Mo.) Commercial Club, objecting to the second-class postage provisions of the war-revenue act; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. CLARK of Pennsylvania: Petition of M. Griswold, Jr.; H. A. Nye; J. W. Burnett; and 20 others, praying for the passage of House bill 7995, for the preservation of the Niagara, Commodore Perry's flagship in the Battle of Lake Erie; to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

By Mr. DALE of New York: Letter from the Cleveland Tractor Co., and resolutions from the following organizations: The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church, Cloquet, Minn.; Penelopian Club, Cadillac, Mich.; the Woman's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church, Fort Morgan, Colo.; Business Men's League, Hot Springs, Ark.; Current Events Club, Madison, Ind.; Maryville Commercial Club, Maryville, Mo.; the

Sorosis Club, St. Peter, Minn.; Corning (N. Y.) Clionian Club; and the Romeo Monday Club, Romeo, Mich., all asking for the repeal of the second-class postage rates of the war-revenue act; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Also, resolution of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, asking for the survey of the Delaware & Hudson and other abandoned canals, with a view to their use in transportation of coal; to the Committee on Rivers and Harbors.

Also, petition of William H. Walker & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., in favor of the immediate passage of the daylight-saving law; to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

Also, petition of Lewis S. Pilcher, M. D., asking favorable consideration of House bill 9563; to the Committee on Military Affairs.

By Mr. ESCH: Petition of the rural mail carriers of Black River Falls, Wis., praying for an allowance covering necessary upkeep expenses; to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

Also, petition of the Cleveland Tractor Co., objecting to the increased postage rates for second-class matter in the war-revenue act; also resolutions of the same import from the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church, Cloquet, Minn.; Penelopian Club, Cadillac, Mich.; Business Men's League, Hot Springs, Ark.; the Woman's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church, Fort Morgan, Colo.; and the Corning (N. Y.) Clionian Circle; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. GALLIVAN: Petition of the Cleveland Tractor Co., and resolutions of the Penelopian Club, Cadillac, Mich.; the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church, Cloquet, Minn.; Current Events Club, Madison, Ind.; the Sorosis Club, St. Peter, Minn.; the Woman's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church, Fort Morgan, Colo.; Corning (N. Y.) Clionian Circle; and the Business Men's League, Hot Springs, Ark., objecting to the second-class postal provisions of the war-revenue act; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. HAMLIN: Papers to accompany House bill 2094, a bill to pension John M. Jackson; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. KELLEY of Michigan: Memorial of Romeo Monday Club, of Romeo, Mich., protesting against proposed postal increase on periodicals; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. KELLY of Pennsylvania: Petition of Pittsburgh Methodist Episcopal ministers, favoring immediate war prohibition; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. TAGUE: Petitions of Ladies' Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church, Cloquet, Mich.; Penelopian Club, Cadillac, Mich.; Cleveland Tractor Co., Cleveland, Ohio; Corning Clionian Circle, Corning, N. Y.; Maryville Commercial Club, Maryville, Mo.; Sorosis Club, St. Peter, Minn.; Current Events Club, Madison, Ind.; Business Men's League, Hot Springs, Ark.; and Romeo Monday Club, Romeo, Mich., objecting to the increased rates of postage on periodicals; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Also, memorial of Bohemian National Alliance, New York City, commending the President's war aims; to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Also, petition of the Woman's Missionary Society, Fort Morgan, Colo., and New England Association of Circulation Managers of New Bedford, Mass., opposing increased rates of postage on periodicals; to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SUNDAY, February 10, 1918.

The House met at 12 o'clock noon, and was called to order by Mr. SHERWOOD as Speaker pro tempore.

Rev. George Robinson, United States Army, retired, offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we recognize Thee as the author of life, the arbiter of our destiny. We thank Thee that Thou hast given life to men, that Thou art the former of our bodies, so fearfully and wonderfully made, and the Father of the spirits of all men. We thank Thee, too, that in these spirits of ours everywhere Thou hast implanted a longing for and a belief in a life beyond this life.

We thank Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, who came from Heaven to give life and to give it more abundantly, that Thou didst confirm this hope and belief in the hearts of men, that Thou didst teach that Thou art the source of life, that Thou didst prove by Thy resurrection from the dead, and by infallible proofs to Thy disciples that Thou hadst risen, that this life was in Thee. This gives us hope in the death of those whom we love; and we pray Thee that on this occasion Thou wilt confirm this hope and this belief to each and every one of us. Do

Thou grant to her who has been caused so greatly to mourn the influence and the gift of Thy holy spirit, to put into her heart the sympathy of Him who once stood beside the grave and adown His cheeks coursed the tears of pity and of sympathy. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He can speak to wounded spirits. He can bind up broken hearts. We pray Thee that Thou wilt give to her the sympathy and comfort that she so much needs. And to all who mourn his loss, to all his friends, may there be spoken in this hour the warnings and the encouragement to live nearer to the Christ; and may we all take new devotion from these ceremonies to give our energies, especially in this great crisis of the world, to make all sacrifices necessary in order that we may finish the task that has been given to this Nation to do.

Thou, O God, art the power that worketh for righteousness on this earth. We believe that in this warfare we are in sympathy with Thee, and that Thou art in sympathy with us. Therefore we pray Thee that Thou wilt bless our efforts to bring to the earth peace, founded on righteousness and truth and justice. We ask all for Christ's sake. Amen.

• THE JOURNAL.

The Clerk proceeded to read the Journal of yesterday.

Mr. ASHBROOK. Mr. Speaker, I move to dispense with the reading of the Journal.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Ohio asks unanimous consent to dispense with the reading of the Journal. If there be no objection it will be so ordered.

There was no objection.

THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE BATHRICK.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will read the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. SHERWOOD, by unanimous consent,
Ordered, That Sunday, February 10, 1918, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. ELLSWORTH R. BATHRICK, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Mr. ASHBROOK. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Ohio offers a resolution, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

House Resolution No. 246.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. ELLSWORTH R. BATHRICK, late a Member of this House from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. GORDON. Mr. Speaker, the death of ELLSWORTH R. BATHRICK was a striking example of the fact that no one can know when "the pale horse and his rider" will call to deliver the final summons to go hence to that final "bourne, whence no traveler returns."

In the prime of life and apparently in full health and vigor only a few months before, no one would have been likely to suggest that in the whole membership of this House he would be the next to pass away.

The recent large increase of the death roll in both the Senate and House, many of whom had not yet passed the meridian of life, furnishes startling evidence of that general law of mortality to which all mankind is subject, and leads us to reflect upon the solemn fact that death comes like a thief in the night and that no one can foretell or forestall his coming.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Since the Sixty-fifth Congress convened in extraordinary session on April 2, 1917, four Senators and six Members of this House have departed this life, during a period of less than 10 months, a most significant commentary upon the uncertainty of human existence and the remorseless and persistent mortality among men before the devouring "scythe of Time."

Mr. BATHRICK had served two former terms in this House, in the Sixty-second and Sixty-third Congresses and, so far as my information extends, he enjoyed the friendship of every man with whom he came in contact during his entire public service. He was invariably cheerful and kindly in temperament and disposition and agreeable and friendly in his association with his colleagues. My service here began with his second term; and it is

a great pleasure for me to record the fact that I have never heard an unkind or unfriendly word spoken in Washington of or concerning Congressman BATHRICK. It is indeed true, as Tennyson has said—

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

The House of Representatives, constituted as it is of men elected from every part of all the States of the Union, is more typical and representative of the whole people of the United States than any other body of our citizens can possibly be. The prejudices, faults, and frailties as well as the virtues and ideals of our people are found in the membership of this body. Unless thrown into daily contact and association by membership on the same committee, or by living at the same hotel, members of so large a body as this are unable to weigh fully or to judge fairly all the elements which make up the character of a colleague, and are therefore likely to judge harshly the faults and weaknesses of a fellow Member and to underestimate or entirely ignore many of his virtues and attainments which should be considered in forming a just estimate of his worth as a Member. Long service ultimately discloses a Member to the men who serve with him in his true character; but many men elected to this House serve not to exceed two or three terms, and their capacities are not fully disclosed or developed. Is not this an appropriate time and occasion for every Member to ask himself whether or not he has been hasty and premature in pronouncing judgment upon the character and capacity of a colleague whom he may not have fully known or understood? A rule of this House wisely prohibits a Member from arraigning the motives of one with whom he disagrees upon a question under discussion. Does not this rule suggest the proper attitude of mind and heart which each should maintain toward every other Member of the House? And ought not this to control the daily speech and conversation of Members, public and private, both on and off the floor?

The highest duty that Members of this House owe to their country, next to the obligation imposed by their oath of office, is to protect the character and dignity of this, the greatest legislative body on earth. We should perform this duty by a course of conduct both on and off the floor which will reflect no discredit upon it by reason of our membership in it, and by always remembering that the rights and privileges of Members are equal under the Constitution and the laws; by a strict observance of the rules and the equal rights of all Members; by the widest liberty of opinions and the utmost freedom to express them, and a courteous and charitable regard for the rights of those who may disagree with us.

In essentials—Unity.
In nonessentials—Liberty.
In all things—Charity.

As we pay this last tribute of respect to the memory of our departed colleague, let us renew our faith in and allegiance to our country, its Constitution, and the principles they were founded to perpetuate and defend. We are assailed by a foreign foe; but justice, liberty, and truth are mighty and must prevail, or government of the people for the people and by the people will perish from the face of the earth.

As public officials and as men, let us throw off all false pride and resolve anew to perform our full duty during the brief period of our sojourn here on earth, reminded, as we are, by this solemn occasion, of the brief and transitory character of human existence.

Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-fitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave;
For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

Mr. ASHBROOK. Mr. Speaker, I first became acquainted with ELLSWORTH R. BATHRICK during the campaign of 1910, when he was first elected to Congress. I was pleased with his personality then, and as the years passed on, as I learned to know him well, our friendship became strongly welded. I became his good friend and he became my good friend. I met him at Columbus, Ohio, at a meeting of the Democratic congressional candidates of the several districts in the State. I believe every one of the twenty-two candidates were present. No doubt all had at least a vain hope that they might be elected at the following November election; but I am sure that no one present, except our friend "BATH," as we affectionately called him, believed that he had a ghost of a chance to win in the nineteenth district. No one would have been foolish enough to hazard a thing of value, even at great odds, on his success. But he was elected, and, if I mistake not, overcame a Republican

majority of something like 13,000 and had the honor to be the first Democrat ever elected from that district. I believe he was one of the most successful campaigners in Ohio. I did not then understand how he could possibly be elected from such a strong Republican district; but when I became better acquainted with him, I understood why it was he overcame such great odds. The people knew him; they believed in his honesty of purpose and trusted him, and he never violated their trust. In these days politics cuts but little figure with the people. Their faith and trust in a man is far greater than their loyalty and adherence to party or platform.

He gave such satisfactory accounting of his stewardship here in the Sixty-second Congress that he was returned to the Sixty-third Congress. In the meantime, however, the State had been gerrymandered and he was thrown in a new district, which resulted in his defeat for the Sixty-fourth Congress; but his reputation as a legislator became better known in his new district when he was nominated for the fourth time, and he was elected to the Sixty-fifth Congress by a good safe majority. He came to Washington last spring, when the extra session was called, from a hospital in the Southland, and remained here faithfully during the nearly six months of that strenuous session, devotedly doing his duty and loyally upholding the President during the great world-wide war crisis forced upon us. He was not a well man. He knew it. One less brave and courageous would have sought environments more conducive to the restoration of his health. Doubtless, had he done so, he would have been alive to-day. During the months of that historic session I often urged him to go away and leave this terrible grind and try to recuperate his health. He refused all such friendly advice and remained at his post of duty. I would not say that he did not sacrifice his life on the altar of his country just as surely as the brave soldier who falls in the trenches. He did more than his bit, bravely and well, and his name will long be remembered and honored by a grateful people and a grateful country.

When the last session of Congress ended, on October 7, our good friend was hopeful that he would be ready for his duties at the regular session in December. I bade him good-by, not believing that it was for the last time; but

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death.

The disease which had firm hold on him soon thereafter again brought him low, and, while everything possible was done by loved ones, skilled surgeons, and practitioners, he gave up the unequal fight with our common enemy at his home in Akron, Ohio, on December 22, 1917. While still in the prime of life, his useful and honored career was brought to an untimely end. Had he lived until the 6th of the following month he would have been but 55 years of age. I attended the service held at his home on December 27 last, in charge of his pastor, who was his next door neighbor and friend. Without paint or color he truthfully and beautifully gave honest expression of an intimate and personal acquaintance of many years. I would that I might merit as high tribute when that last sad hour comes to me, and to you, my colleagues, as was the eulogy pronounced for our friend. His remains were laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery of his home city.

Congressman BATHRICK was born in Oakland County, Mich., where he spent his young manhood. He had a varied and interesting career, often related to me; but I will speak only briefly of his service here. I might say, however, that it was his early ambition to be elected to Congress. That was his life's goal. I have heard many Members also declare that early in life they set stakes for a seat in Congress. High ambition, without doubt, is most helpful and valuable to all, as it was to him. Ambition spurs us to make the best of our talents and opportunities. He reached his goal and worthily adorned this, the greatest law-making body in the world. He fought valiantly for the best interests of his district; but he was more than a Representative of the nineteenth Ohio district. He concerned himself for the general good of all the people.

I do not believe there are a half dozen Members of Congress to-day who are better informed on the subject of rural credits than was our late colleague. He studied the question deeply and devotedly. He believed in it. He talked it intelligently and insistently, and much of the credit for this law can be laid at his door, although the legislation was enacted during the Sixty-fourth Congress.

He was early an ardent advocate of a big Navy. Before war was declared by Germany on our allies his friends dubbed him "Battleship BATH" because of his intense concern in this now vital question. He had both brains and vision. He was a writer and author of no mean ability. His book, *Please Don't Worry*, is a gem worthy to adorn any library. Last summer he ran across some old manuscript written 25 years

ago which was eagerly accepted by a prominent publication at so much per line. He had a fertile brain, a fluent tongue, a ready pen; but, best of all, a warm and sympathetic heart, a generous disposition. Void of deceit and hypocrisy he was steadfast and true to his friends. He was conscientious in his every act, open always to conviction, but when once firmly convinced that he was right was a most determined contender. He possessed so much to be commended and so little to fault, and his virtues so bedimmed his frailties, that I will ever hold in fond recollection the memory of my good friend, ELLSWORTH R. BATHRICK.

Mr. BARNHART. Mr. Speaker, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," is a truism that more fully impresses us each succeeding year of our lives. I once passed through the ordeal of standing at the bedside of one very dear to me and day after day watching the peaceful ebb of a life of usefulness and happiness at a time when it seemed that the very fullness of life's possibilities ought to be shedding their radiance where the shades of death were surely falling. I looked about me and saw the hopeless and the friendless anxious to be called from their distress and despair. I saw the dissipated and the loafer—men and women living with no purpose except their own selfish pleasures or the gratification of base desires—and I saw the careless and the pampered reveling in daily nothingness. Then I compared the helpful and happy life going out with those which were to live on in helplessness and carelessness and uselessness, and I said, surely "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." And the wonder of taking the happy and the helpful and leaving the miserable and the slothful abides with me on and on, mysterious and incomprehensible.

So when I see a man like Congressman BATHRICK, in the very prime of life, and who has risen to a place of helpfulness for his fellow man, called by death, I look at fate and stand in mute bewilderment.

I knew Mr. BATHRICK well, but not intimately. I knew him as an industrious, conscientious man, who, when he made up his mind what he thought was right, fought for it with an open intrepidity always commanding, although not always persuasive. Was he industrious? Yes. Was he honest? Yes. Was he dependable? Yes. Was he moral? Yes. Was he true to his convictions? Yes. Was he fearless? Yes. Was he solicitous for the welfare of others? Yes.

What higher personal tribute, then, could we pay him? He was not a politician in the sense that he would sacrifice conviction for policy; and he was not a trimmer, setting his sails for every popular wind that blew. He had honest convictions and often expressed them in manner not conducive to disarming his opponents, but always with an earnestness that left no doubt of his sincerity and his devotion to his conclusions.

Such a man is always a benefactor to a community or to any assembly of people's delegates. He is never awed by place or power, and usually he is heedless of fame or oblivion. He goes ahead, out in the open, in sight of his people and his God, and does his best with the instruments of justice and logic with which his Maker has endowed him. And his paeans of praise will always be eloquent with plaudits of a free people who honor a man who has convictions and is not afraid to express them.

Mr. BATHRICK was primarily a business man, and he came to Congress as a Representative of a large business constituency in his home city of Akron. He talked much of the business and labor interests that he represented in the National Congress, and yet he was more than a business man—he was an humble philanthropist. He always had a ready offering for the "down and out" and the deserving in want. I have many times seen the Salvation Army lassies canvass crowds with their inverted tambourines, and they never appealed to BATHRICK in vain; and the professional beggar found him an easy mark. Moreover, he took much interest in the idealistic and the impressive in oratory and literature. I once told him of a wonderful word picture I heard a great man paint of the duty of human life and the end of it; and he asked me to please put it in manuscript form; and I did so, as I could best recall; and he often referred to it as a most impressive admonition for us to observe. It was a discourse on the importance of men and women honestly earning and saving money to be used in the world's work—in charity, benevolence, education, and assistance and relief of humanity generally. And after the speaker had gone into the realm of financial endeavor and pointed out the right and wrong of money making and money spending he said he always felt that the men and women who struggled hard to get dollars so as to hoard them for heirs to quarrel over after they had passed on, would better never have been born. For when money has been made and we have

accomplished most of our desires. "Watchman, what of the night?" After we have accumulated wealth, after we have surrounded ourselves with home and family and friends, after we have achieved distinction in professional or scholastic endeavor, and after we have stood in the leadership of men in social and political power; after all of these and probably many more accomplishments, there will come a day when we will weary of it all, and when that day comes we will lie upon a couch that has always furnished us refreshing rest, we will toss feverishly and fretfully about, we will be surrounded by the family and friends that have been our mainstay of strength always, and we will be attended by the most eminent medical skill our abundance of money can employ. But in the midst of these earthly agencies of help we will suddenly turn our backs upon it all and beseechingly implore:

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

Mr. BATHRICK often spoke of this reality, that must come to all of us, as one of beautiful conception for those who live right and one that should be impressed on everybody; and a man with such reverence and thoughtfulness for his final responsibility could scarcely be anything else in his heart than a noble type of upright citizen and American manhood.

And so, hall and farewell to another life we knew and which made its impress for better things in the world. In the hurly-burly of our busy lives frequently we do not see the high qualities in the lives of our friends many times until it is too late to show them loving appreciation and to give them the bouquets of gratitude which humanity owes to them.

Lord God of hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Mr. SWITZER. Mr. Speaker, the announcement of the death of our lamented colleague, the late Representative of the fourteenth congressional district of Ohio, came to me as a great surprise and left in its wake the deepest sorrow.

I had not been apprised of his long and serious illness, of which I later learned, and I therefore was wholly unprepared for the most unwelcome message. But this merely illustrates the usual human frailties and our general unwillingness to believe that the final summons ever hovers near.

It was my good fortune to have had more than a casual acquaintance with our deceased colleague, as we lived for quite a while at the same hotel during a part of the long session of the Sixty-third Congress. I well remember that during some of the monotonous periods of that session, when the House was marking time waiting on the Senate, we frequently enjoyed summer evening strolls upon the beautiful avenues and streets of the Capital City. On these occasions we freely spoke our minds upon the various public questions of the day and the current events. It was then that I became impressed with his comprehensive vision and analytical mind, as well as with his winning colloquial powers, and it was then that I learned to admire his independent thought and frank expression upon the topics of the day.

No party man was less hampered by party ties or partisan motives when approaching the discussion of a public question than Hon. ELLSWORTH R. BATHRICK; and when debate had ended and the time arrived for casting the final vote on a pending measure, no Representative of this or any other Congress was freer from party restraint or ever recorded a more sincere conviction.

He never allowed political expediency to interfere with or in any wise warp his judgment in the discharge of public duty; and wherever duty demanded his presence, whether in the halls of legislation or on the public rostrum in a political campaign or in some great civic movement, he never hesitated to courageously come to the fore and express his conscientious convictions, regardless of popular opinion.

A close observer and a diligent searcher for the truth, a student of social conditions, as well as exclusively political propositions, and quick to notice the evils flowing from many existing industrial, economic, and imperfect governmental conditions, his philosophical mind was ever at work devising some legislative scheme for their amelioration, a possible remedy for the passing wrong.

He was an indefatigable worker, and his well considered conclusions on matters public and private were highly prized and much sought after by his friends, both in and out of Congress. His work bespoke a promising legislative career.

But in the prime of manhood and in the middle of his chosen work his earthly career was suddenly ended by the grim reaper, whose deathly scythe is so swiftly and surely garnering the present generation, as well as it has the past, to the home of

the fathers. His presence among us will be no more; his ever-generous welcome and hearty handshake will undoubtedly be missed; but our minds will often recur to his manly form and stately bearing, his clean and honorable life; and our memories will be frequently blessed with the recollection of his delightful company and inspiring association.

With these feeble tributes to his memory, and having an abiding hope that all may be well with those whom he sincerely cherished, especial the one nearest and dearest to his heart—his wife—we trust that his spirit may dwell in that land where pain and sorrow are unknown and joy and friendships never cease.

Mr. SNOOK. Mr. Speaker, it has been made plain by what my colleagues have said that in the death of ELLSWORTH R. BATHRICK the cause for which we as a people are fighting has lost one of its most active friends and supporters. It was not my pleasure to have the intimate acquaintanceship with him that has come to some of our colleagues, for I did not have the privilege of serving with him in the Sixty-second and Sixty-third Congresses. The first time I ever remember meeting him was in Ohio while he was a candidate for Congress in the campaign of 1910. The very first conversation I had with him impressed me that he was a man of courage and conviction. I came to know him better later, and after serving with him in the extra session of the Sixty-fifth Congress I believe I might be able to say that I came to know him as a friend.

The custom so long observed by the House, when one of its Members is taken away, to lay aside all work and pay respect to his character and achievement is to my mind one of the most fitting that it has ever instituted.

The association among Members, even from the same State, is not so close as I believe it should be to bring about that friendship which should obtain; a closer association would often lead to a knowledge of the aims and purposes of each other and result in much good to all of us. And yet, even with that want of close association which prevails in this body, one could not help being impressed with the personality of ELLSWORTH R. BATHRICK.

His habits of industry and the vigor and courage with which he expressed his views made one understand that he possessed a strong vitality; and therefore the news of his illness and death came as a shock and surprise to all of us. I shall always remember him from the picture impressed upon my mind by seeing him in action, pressing home with all the vigor he possessed the weight and force of some truth as it presented itself to his mind.

He was logical and forceful, and always stated his opinions with courage. He was kind and courteous to his friends and associates, but when engaged in a controversy over any question before the House he defended his views without fear and with a courage that commanded the respect of his associates.

A glance at his history as detailed in the Congressional Directory shows the successive steps by which he gained a seat in this body. First, farmer boy, then pupil in a country school, high school, and business college, with a post-graduate course in the school of experience as a business man.

I am sure you will agree with me if we could round out this brief statement of his achievement by the details from his own lips of what it cost in labor and sacrifice the story would be an inspiration to the young men of his district and the country.

In traveling the road which leads from the farm to the House of Representatives he learned in the school of experience that the obstacles necessary to be overcome could be removed only by making such sacrifices as were necessary to build a character that would stand every test. That he was successful in building such a character is proven by the fact that though he was a Democrat he was three times elected to Congress in a district where a great majority of the voters adhered to the policies advocated by the opposing party.

I have no doubt that it was the courage and the sincerity of the man that enabled him to gain and hold the confidence of his people. He was the type of man that the President had in mind when in one of his speeches he gave expression to this thought:

We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government.

He was intensely loyal to his Government, for there was no man in the House who took a firmer stand in support of the conduct of the war. He had no patience with its critics, and always stood ready to make any sacrifice that might be necessary to bring the war to a speedy and successful conclusion. The death of a friend like this, just as he had reached the hour of his greatest opportunity for service, while life was full of promise for future achievement, brings one face to face with the greatest of

all mysteries and fills one with a longing for an answer to its challenge.

Shall we stop here and in anguish at our loss acknowledge that there is no solution and no hope for an answer? I love to believe that there is reason in the thought that comes to every one of us at this time; that surely all this toil and sacrifice have not been in vain; that somehow there will be found in God's infinite plan a way to give full expression to that which, on account of the brevity of life, he was able only partially or feebly to express.

Faith makes us bold to speak of this thought, but understanding is too feeble to aptly express it in language. Many have sought to illustrate it by turning to the laws of nature, and this method is now suggested to my mind.

This has been a bitter winter, though it has seemed to lay the icy finger of death on shrub and flower; yet even now we begin to feel the call of spring; "we know the manner in which she has stored up sunshine, leaves, and blossoms;" we know that the bulb and twig which now seem dead will answer to the call of life and deck themselves with leaves of rich green and flowers painted from God's own urn of infinite colors.

So the same faith leads us to believe that the life which failed to reach its full fruition here will blossom and bear full fruitage in a life to come. Nothing can fill the loss that comes to those whom he left to bear life's battles alone; yet to the afflicted there is solace and comfort in the thought I have tried to convey, which is so beautifully and clearly expressed by Whittier, the poet of faith:

But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh;
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings;
And yet, dear heart, remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I can not feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Mr. GARD took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

Mr. OVERMYER. Mr. Speaker, the loss of our friend and colleague, Congressman BATHRICK, is the first death in the Ohio delegation in Congress since I have become a Member of the House. To me it seemed like the breaking of a circle, the loss of a member of our official family, the parting with a brother. I can still scarcely bring myself to realize that he is dead.

But I know the sad truth. I know it is so. Sorrowfully we filed past his coffin and looked for the last time on the features of our comrade and friend. Soon thereafter the words "earth to earth, dust to dust," were spoken over his grave and all that was mortal of ELLSWORTH R. BATHRICK was hidden from our view forever, and "the places that knew him shall know him no more."

We have assembled here to-day to pay our respects to his memory—a solemn and sacred duty, a duty that to be performed in keeping with the sentiments to which it gives rise must be done with bowed heads and hearts filled with humility. Our colleague has met that sublime and universal moralist—Death; that great teacher who speaks in a voice which none can mistake, who comes into our midst with a power which none can resist, and, despite our protests and our tears, our pleadings and our prayers, removes those whose words have been a cheer and whose presence has brought exultation. This stern messenger, this mysterious agent of Omnipotence, has come among our numbers and laid his withering hand upon one whom we had learned to honor and respect. Our colleague has gone the way of all the earth, with his good deeds left to cheer us onward and upward, his errors and shortcomings buried within the silent chamber to which his body was consigned.

But there is consolation in the thought that the influence of our friend still abides with us, even though he is no longer here; and to-day, as we contemplate upon the removal from our midst of our colleague and friend, we mourn his departure but glory in the presence of his benign influence. The influence of the dead upon the living is a powerful one. The relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effect of their actions. Their influence still abides with us, their names and character dwell in our thoughts and in our hearts. Those whom we have loved in life are still objects of our deepest affections. Their power over us remains. They are with us in

our solitary walks and their voices speak to us in the silence of midnight. The world is filled with the voices of the dead. They speak to us in a thousand remembrances, incidents, events, and associations; and the world is filled also with their labors. Almost all the literature in the world, the discoveries of science, the glories of art, the ever-enduring temples, the comforts and improvements of life—in fact, the very framework of society, the institutions of nations, the fabrics of empire—all are the works of the dead. By these they who are dead yet speak.

If this were not true the death of a person would be absolutely the end of that individual, just as the destruction of any earthly thing removes it from our thoughts. But the human body is more than clay. There is within that body a soul, something separate and apart from the body itself, which we love and cherish even after death. Not so with the destruction of earthly things. When the ingenuity of man raises before our eyes a twenty-story structure, we stand in awe and admiration and behold the beauties of that building with something akin to reverence; but when the flames and earthquake in their wrath reduce that stately structure to ashes and ruins we do not place upon that pile of brick and mortar a wreath of mourning. We console the owner in his loss but shed no tears of grief. But when we stand above the last resting place of one who in life was dear to us, we feel how keen was our loss in his death; and, as we place upon that grave sweet tokens of love and memory, we whisper to the soul that we feel is present "I love thee still!"

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. The love that survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the human soul. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the tender infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget a tender parent, though to remember is but to lament? When grief and anguish are calmed into gentle tears of recollection, it may sometimes throw a cloud over the hour of gaiety or throw a deeper shadow over the hour of gloom; but there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song, a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living.

What a splendid time for meditation, then, it is when we call up in long review the history of the virtues and gentleness, the thousand endearments lavished upon us by departed friends, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy. This is a good time for us to settle the accounts with our consciences for every past benefit unrequited and every past endowment disregarded. If you as a child have added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if you as a husband have ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness; or if you as a friend have ever wronged in thought or word or deed or have given one unmerited pang to any true heart that now lies cold, resolve henceforth to be more faithful to the living.

The desire to live is the strongest desire implanted in the human heart. In youth and middle life no struggle is too great for us to make in our effort to retain life. But as age advances this desire grows less and less insistent. God has a way of weaning us away from the desire to live. Our mental powers fail, the eyes grow dim, the limbs feeble, and our capacity for enjoyment of life grows limited, and then, indeed,

Death is beautiful as feet of friend,
Coming with welcome at our journey's end.

Our colleague had not reached that period in life when his usefulness was over. On the contrary, he was just at the zenith of his ability and power to do good. Why he was taken at this time we do not know; we only know he was taken. When our own summons shall come we do not know; that it will come we do know. Our plain duty then is to have our houses in order, to do all the good we can in every moment that is given us.

Concerning our colleague's religious views I know nothing. A man's professions are not always the fairest judgment of his character or faith. Basing my judgment of him upon a brief personal acquaintance and upon sentiments expressed by him in a published volume, I believe he most fairly represented the true spirit and teaching of the great Master, that spirit of charity for all mankind "which suffereth long and is kind, which thinketh not of itself but of the welfare and happiness of others."

In a small volume entitled "The Don't Worry Book," published by Mr. BATHRICK a few years ago, we find, among others, the following gems:

In the remote past we began to live. The first birthday was far back, at some crossroad of time. The wonder-working matter of the ages, the teachings of savants, the clash and death grapple of armies, the upheavals of nature, the admixture of races, the inventions of man, and dispensations of God have shaped our course.

Is it not the better plan to follow it calmly, making the most of what we are, and without futile rebellion?

Even beyond death. Hope holds out its promise. So do we follow on through the inexplicable labyrinth of life. Footsore and weary though we be, we must travel bravely on.

We know that sometime we shall enter into the deeper puzzle of the Realm of Silence, and when that hour arrives the messenger of the Shadowy King, clothed in the glorious garb of Hope, will take us by the hand and lead the way. But while we remain to tread the tortuous paths and the life-soul hungers for human things, it shall not be always in vain.

Above all, learn to forget. Forget the wrong, but be wary of he who inflicted it. Do not hate. It will give you more worry than the object of it. Forget all that is useless. It is the discarding of the dross of life, the casting aside of used timber to make way for the new.

Our lives should not be overcast by gloom of the past or future. Neither possesses the substance of the present. Both are mere reflections. The past should reflect the light of pleasant memories upon the present, and contemplation of the future should shed its rays of hope upon our to-day.

There is no shadow without light. Turn yourself around.

Disposing of yesterday as material only for pleasant meditation, center your mind upon to-day as the sole period of your activities. Resolve that you will absorb only the good and will discard the bad.

Having been loyal to resolution, lie down at night and sleep, gathering from the peace of slumber new vigor for brain and body. Sleep is the anodyne of tribulation. In the darkness of your chamber do not call upon the mind to see that which the eye can not.

Fortified in your endeavor by this valiant aid, don the armor of High Resolve and fare forth to the battlefields of life ready to receive or give blows in the conflict. It is childish to wish for triumph and fear defeat. It is cowardly to take winnings and whimper at losses.

Put the bricks on the wall to-day where, according to your best judgment, they should be. If the future brands your labor as error, still forget, still endeavor. Put aside puerile self-condolence for real or imaginary misfortunes. It is sufficiently weakening to have friends sympathize with us, but much more so when we sympathize with ourselves.

When you pity yourself, look about you and see the brave smiles upon the faces of those who have met with a fate worse than yours. There are millions of other human souls whose unsatisfied desires are as your own.

Bear in mind, Fate may be friend as well as foe. The condition which you worry about may be a kindly circumstance in the plot to be yet unraveled. There are other pages in the book of life which you have not read.

We must pay. Eternal Justice will keep a fair account, and we shall also be paid. For every pain we shall receive a joy, and they will be fairly measured.

Our accounts must balance in the great summary of deeds of kindness, of pleasant words, of selfishness, of intolerance.

Memory should be a golden cord, glimmering back to the vanished hours, connecting our hearts with the smiles of loved ones, with the exaltations of success, and the joy of conquered obstacles.

Forget the losses, the dark and rugged road, the storms, disappointments, and failures. Drive them from your mind into oblivion. Say unto them, as you would say to Satan: "Get thee behind me!"

Surely, my friends, the sentiments which I have just read, and of which Congressman BATHRICK was the author, are sentiments to which all of us can subscribe. To him a creed or a ritual would mean but little. But a broad faith in fundamentals, a belief in God and his fellowmen, practicing charity, dispensing cheer, building up hope, he presents a character based upon a firm and safe foundation; and I can testify that in his life he exemplified the sentiments he proclaimed. I shall remember ELLSWORTH R. BATHRICK as a courageous, able, sincere, manly man, a conscientious and honest public servant, a loyal and patriotic citizen, and a true friend. His death is his own victory; the loss is ours.

What is Death? 'Tis to be free!
No more to love, or hope, or fear—
To join the great equality.
All alike are humble there!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge-house, the Tomb!

Mr. SHERWOOD. Mr. Speaker, ELLSWORTH R. BATHRICK belonged to that class known as self-made men. His educational qualifications were in the common schools, the high school, and the commercial school. Like all self-educated men, he was thoroughly practical and thoroughly imbued with that knowledge that counts best in the business and commercial world. During his three terms in Congress, Mr. BATHRICK made a record as a capable and successful Member and accomplished results in valuable and vital legislation not excelled by any Member of equal service since the Civil War.

It is conceded that a college education is a help to a public man, but not a necessary help to the highest achievements, either in law, legislation, or the broad domain of civics. To illustrate, George Washington, the foremost general and statesman in the epoch of the War of the Revolution, was very moderately educated. Gen. Grant, who, in his time, was the foremost man of all the world, was only moderately educated, except as a cadet of West Point Military Academy. Gen. Jackson, born in poverty and poorly educated, was twice President and the foremost man of two generations. Henry Clay, born poor, self-

educated, was the foremost orator of his time and the idol of his party. Abraham Lincoln, born in a log cabin, who learned to read books at night by the light of a pine-knot fire, who in youth never saw the inside of a university, was the foremost statesman and the popular idol of his country.

This is a fitting time, on this sacred memorial day, to make the occasion an object lesson of value to the living.

Mr. BATHRICK's career as a young man, struggling against what seemed an adverse fate, should prove a valuable and a hopeful incentive to every poor young man with an ambition for an honorable career.

The brightest gleam of hope for the poor young man of to-day is the knowledge that the greatest men who have ever served or honored the high places of power in this Republic were born poor, with limited opportunities for a liberal education.

Few of Mr. BATHRICK's colleagues knew of his literary genius. That was because of his innate modesty. Let me tell the story, as it is fitting here.

About 25 years ago, when Mr. BATHRICK was a reporter on a Cleveland newspaper, he wrote the text of a very beautiful children's story, but was dissatisfied with it, and in his youthful modesty threw it into a trunk with a number of other papers; and there it lay for all these years until a couple of years ago, when he found it in looking over the accumulations in the trunk. He showed it to a friend jokingly, remarking about his literary ambition as a youth. His friend, however, was interested, and reading the manuscript was at once impressed with the beauty and literary merit of the story, and urged that he submit it to a publisher. Mr. BATHRICK was inclined to laugh away the idea, but the friend persisted, and, to oblige him, Mr. BATHRICK sent it to a New York publishing house. Shortly thereafter he received a letter highly commending the manuscript and suggesting a revision and expansion with the view to publishing it as a book. Mr. BATHRICK's health at that time was poor—this was during his first term in Congress—and he improved the opportunity afforded by a winter in Florida, where he was seeking to recover his health, in rewriting and supplementing the story. It was then sent to the publishing company, accepted, and only recently was published in book form. Mr. BATHRICK derived more real pleasure from this achievement, he confided to his friends, than from any success he had achieved in business or in politics. The story was a delightfully imaginative one, such as might honor the pen of Hans Christian Andersen or any other creator of those delightful children's stories.

For the above I am indebted to Mr. Carl D. Ruth, an accomplished Washington journalist and correspondent.

To write a successful children's story requires deep sympathy and kindly humane instincts. Our departed friend had these commendable qualities, added to an alert mind, a courageous determination to do his duty to his constituents, coupled with high practical ideals—all learned in the rugged school of experience.

On this sacred Sabbath day, in this historic Chamber, let us consecrate ourselves to that fervent patriotism, that high purpose to serve the people we are honored to represent with the fidelity and courage which characterized our departed friend—a colleague whose friendship added to our joys of living and whose example and character give us hope to achieve the best ideals in popular government.

ADJOURNMENT.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. In accordance with the resolution heretofore adopted the House will stand adjourned.

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 11, 1918, at 12 o'clock noon.

SENATE.

MONDAY, February 11, 1918.

The Chaplain, Rev. Forrest J. Prettyman, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, the Father of our spirits, the Author of every good and perfect gift, with Thee we have to do, for Thou art the Judge of men, and our lives and destinies are in Thy hands. We recognize Thee; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. We pray that according to the precious promise of Thy word Thou wilt direct our steps. For Christ's sake. Amen.

The Vice President being absent, the President pro tempore [Mr. SAULSBURY] assumed the chair.

The Secretary proceeded to read the Journal of the proceedings of Friday last, when, on request of Mr. VARDAMAN and by unanimous consent, the further reading was dispensed with and the Journal was approved.